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Book F5

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THE
HEART'S MUSINGS.

BY

FRANKLIN W. FISH.



~~~~~  
“Mihi sunt primæ partes.”  
~~~~~

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—
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TO

My Friends,

FROM ONE WHO,

IN HIS HAPPIEST OR GLOOMIEST HOURS,

FINDS JOY IN THEIR

Memories.

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A T R A N S L A T I O N
OF PART OF THE
FIR S T B O O K O F V I R G I L.

ARMS and the man I sing, who, first his
wandering o'er,
Came forth from Ilium to the Latian shore;
Far was he driven from his purposed path,
By cruel Juno's unrelenting wrath.
Much did he suffer while on sea was tossed,
To bear his Lares from the shrines they lost.
From whence the Albans and the Latins
came,

And lofty Rome's imperishable name.
Oh heavenly Muse, relate to me the cause
Of all his troubles, and his direful wars,
Or when the day, or whensoe'er the hour,
That Troy infringed on her immortal power,
Or why the man by such sad cares oppressed.
Dwells such resentment in a heavenly breast ?
Carthage, an ancient famous city stood,
Facing Lavinia and the Tiber's flood ;
Rich in resources, and renowned for war :
There were her arms and her triumphal
car.
The Goddess Queen most earnestly does
strive
That this loved city may 'bove others thrive ;
But Fates command and sovereign doom will
grant,
That ruined Troy shall a vast empire plant.
That hence a nation ruling far and wide,

Of all the world the glory and the pride,
That hence a people, sprung from Trojan
race,
Should level Carthage from her lofty place,
And fearing this and mindful of the hate
Which she had borne against the Trojan
state,
Nor for a moment in her troubled grief
Had a kind feeling ever brought relief,
Her slighted beauty and her form's disgrace,
Ganymede's honors, and the hated race,
The remnant saved from out Achilles' hand,
The last sad relics of the Dardan band.
For many years the band impelled by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Kept far from Latium and the Latin coast,
O'er every land, o'er every ocean tossed.
It was a task of so much arduous toil,
To raise proud Rome from the Saturnian soil.

Scarce had they left Trinacria's shores
behind,

And gladly furrowing the foaming brine,
When Juno cherishing within her breast
Eternal hate against the Trojan crest,
Thus with herself th' immortal Goddess
thought—

The Trojans' only last attempt to thwart:
For me o'erpowered even once to bend,
Subdued by Jove and Fate's unflinching end;
Could Pallas then the Argive fleet submerge
And drive their corses o'er the mountain
surge!

For the mad crime and lust of one alone
Must all the warriors of the Greeks atone!
She in her fury casting from above
The unquenching fire of Almighty Jove,
Scattered his fleet, upturned the sea with
winds,

Destroyed his ships, and their brave lives
rescinds ;

Him breathing flames from out his transfixed
breast,

Bound on a rock, by fiery chains oppressed ;
But I who move th' immortal Gods above,
The Queen of Heaven, the "sister wife" of
Jove,

With a mere nation wage a war so long,
Nor obtain a vengeance for my heartfelt
wrong.

And who'll respect my sacred power divine,
Or place a victim on my slighted shrine ?

Revolving such things in her incensed mind,
Comes to *Æolia* where dwells the wind.
There King *Æolus*, in a mighty cave,
Restrains the winds, and does their feelings
swathe.

Indignant they, at such a gloomy fate,
Roar round th' inclosure and the mountains
shake.

But King Æolus on a lofty throne
Keeps down their wrath, and they his sceptre
own.

Unless this done, in rapid course they'd bear
The earth, the sea, and the deep heaven
tear.

But Father Jove, foreseeing this event,
A tyrant king to curb their power has sent,
Who knows well how to hold a haughty
sway,

And whom the blasts are fated to obey;
Whom, Juno speaking from her haughty
breast,

A suppliant now the Monarch King ad-
dressed :

“Oh! Æolus, to whom the King of Heaven,

To calm the storms, and soothe their rage
has given;

To stop their force alone was given to you;
Thou canst their fury quell, their wrath
subdue.

A nation hostile, o'er the ocean plods,
Bearing from Troy the conquered country's
Gods,

To sweet Lavinia their course they
steer,

And for their Gods new temples there to
rear.

Raise all thy blasts, with night o'ercloud the
skies!

Let stormy waves close o'er their drowning
eyes!

Twice seven nymphs, the daughters of the
sea,

Around me wait, and my commands obey,

Second my wish, and to my will incline,
Deiopea, then, the fairest one, is thine ;
A nymph, surpassing all in lovely face,
Shall make thee parent of a beauteous race.”
To this the God—“’Tis yours, oh Queen, to
say,

My duty’s done when thy commands obey :
This bounteous realm, the winds at my com-
mand,

Are all the offspring of the generous hand.
You gave to me the favor of my Lord,
And made me banquet at the heavenly
board.

Raise storms at will, upturn the bound-
less sea,

Dispose the empire which I have of thee.”
Thus having spoken, hurled his mighty
spear

Against the mountain, and its sides did tear.

The angry winds rushed from the gaping
wound,

And tore tempestuous 'long the rocky ground.

Notus and Eurus, with mad feelings, tear
And toss the mountain billows high in air ;
Africus alike joins in the deaf'ning roar,
And rolls the maddening waves from shore
to shore.

Dark clouds, with thundering, roar along
the skies,

The lightnings flash, the raging waves
arise :

Th' affrighted chieftain thus his fate laments,
While raging winds tear all the sails in rents :
“ Oh thrice and four times happy they,” he
cried,

“ Who, fighting bravely, for their country
died.

Beneath their parents' anxious eyes they fell,

Their happy spirits sought the gates of hell.
O, bravest Greek, thou haughty Diomed,
Why 'neath thy mighty arm had I not
bled?

Or why did me my Goddess mother save,
That I must perish in a watery grave?
O had I fallen on the Ilian shore,
And Troy's sad fields been sprinkled with
my gore,
Or would the dart of Peleus' valiant son
Had pierced my breast as that of Sarpedon;
Where great Simois, with her rippling waves,
Rolls down the arms and corses of the
braves."

As thus Æneas his sad lot bewails,
A roaring blast strikes full against the sails.
The oars break, the vessel turns her prow,
And with broadside receives the coming
blow.

Some climb the higher wave, some coming
down

Behold the billows 'bove their vessel frown.
The gaping waves disclose the very land,
The boiling waters rage with intermingled
sand.

Three ships the south wind, having forced
away,

Drives on the rocks which near Trinacria
lay;

They call them Altars, and with careful fear
Around their sides the Ausonian sailors steer.
Three Eurus, tossing with his angry waves,
High on the rocks and awful quicksands
leaves.

Next, that on which the Lycian crew was
borne

Was from the gaze of all the seamen torn.
Of this Orontes held supreme command,

The king and leader of the Lycian band.
From side to side the mountain waves are
borne,
Th' unhappy pilot from the helm was torn ;
Headlong he falls into the raging deep,
His eyelids closed in death's eternal sleep.
Thrice round and round th' unlucky ship was
tossed,
And then for ever 'neath the wave was lost.
Then here and there upon the deep appear,
Men, arms, and treasures that to Troy were
dear.
Ilioneus' ship bends to the tempest's sway,
And through her loosened joints sucks in
the sea.
Next that on which the brave Achates went,
Down to the bottom of the sea was sent ;
Abas and Aletes meet with equal fate,
All on account of Juno's deadly hate.

In through their sides the fatal waters rush,
And like the torrents from the mountains
gush.

Meanwhile proud Neptune, from the mighty
deep,

Where ocean-nymphs around his person
keep,

Perceives the ocean in a loud uproar,
And heaving mountain billows on the shore;
Then quickly raised his head above the sea,
And saw far driven from their wished-for
way

The wearied remnants of the Trojan host,
Their vessels shipwrecked and their seamen
lost.

His sister's angry wiles her brother knew,
And why she did ill-fated Troy pursue.
Notus and Eurus to his presence bid,
And them he thus with angry feelings chid:

“ Ye rebel winds, tell me from whence
This so great daring and this insolence,
Or why so trusting on your power ye
claim,

Against my will, to toss the troubled main,
Whom I”—the sea-god checks his angry
mood;

“ ’Tis better first to check the raging flood.
Ye shall e'er long my mighty power feel,
And learn obedient at my feet to kneel.

Haste to Æolia, tell your monarch there,
The mighty ocean and the liquid air,
And the stern trident fell by lot to me;
'Tis mine, not his, to raise the angry sea,
There in his courts let him his power boast,
And hold his sway within that rock-bound
coast,

Where you, oh Eurus, in his walls confined,
Are doomed for ever his commands to mind.”

Thus spake the god, and quickly smoothed
the sea,

Scattered the darkness, and brought forth
the day.

Cymothoe and Triton, and a lengthened
train

Of beauteous nymphs, fair daughters of the
main,

Bring all their great immortal power to bear,
And from the rocks the foundered vessels
 tear;

The god himself with mighty power stands,
And with his trident opes the moving sands,
Then here and there his finny coursers
 guides,

Where'er he goes the angry wave subsides.

M A N .

WHAT is wealth, or honor, fame,
Ambition's crown, or victor's wreath,
When o'erwhelmed by life's sad stream,
Wearied, man goes down beneath.
What can be his dearest treasures !
What his honor and renown !
E'en when cased around with pleasures,
Threatening dangers him surround.

Soon we'll leave life's busy way,
And we'll quit this land of woe,
And for ever 'neath the sea
Of stormy life, we'll sink below.
What can be his honors then !
What his pleasures and his joys !
All his life is but a dream,
All enjoyments fruitless joys.

SPRING.

FROSTY Winter now has left us,
And we see sweet Spring advance,
Scattering flowers from her casket,
Let her now our thoughts enhance.

Cast your eyes around about you!
See the lovely beauteous earth,
See sweet Spring her power exerting,
Bringing nature into birth.

Winter now resigns his sceptre,
Yielding to the conqueror's power,
Snows are soon about to leave us,
Spring will visit us once more.

CHILDHOOD.

SWEET Childhood's but a summer morn,
When the clear blue sky by no storms is
torn,
When human Life is an opening flower,
And the gliding year is a passing hour.

The gentle stream runs rippling by,
And the plumage of Life bears a gaudy dye.
They dream of the future in prospects so
bright,
That eager they long to hasten their flight.

'Tis little they dream of the dangers around,
The wearisome trials their path will surround,
All seems to be pleasure, there is no alloy,
Their pathway is pleasure, their day-star is
joy.

SUNSHINE EVER FOLLOWS SHADE.

THERE are times of deepest sorrow,
When the heart feels lone and sad,
When clouds hang o'er our sunlight,
And our hopes with darkness clad.

When our fondest hopes are blighted,
And our dearest prospects fade,
Think that e'er in Nature's order,
Sunlight ever follows shade.

When the world, cold, dark, and selfish,
Frowns upon our feeble frame,
When nets of direful slander,
Are thrown about our name.

Yet memory's spell of magic,
Illumes life's darkest night,
And changes the clouds of darkness
Into clear and brilliant light.

FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH life is frail and fleeting,
And time swift passes by,
I will not grieve while fondly
Those I love on me rely.

Let time pass on so quickly
I will not mind his wings,
If one I love so dearly
Still fondly to me clings.

If all the rest is faded,
This shall not lose its bloom,
But, like the rose in Summer,
Shall ever shed perfume.

His words shall be my sunshine,
His love shall be my cheer,
And we'll journey on together,
Till closed by Death's career.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

MATT. IV. 10.

"Him only shalt thou serve."

WHY art thou so cast down, my soul,
So heavily dost move,
The God alone shall be thy God,
"Him only shalt thou serve."

If cares surround and toils oppress,
Oh, fix thy eyes above,
For he alone can hear thy grief,
"Him only shalt thou serve."

And if you weep, He'll dry your tears,
If him alone you love,
For he will calm all angry fears,
"Him only shalt thou serve."

Thou shalt not bow to other Gods,
Save him who reigns above,
Nor shalt thou kneel to wood or stone,
“Him only shalt thou serve.”

“When care and anguish rack the brow,”
From truth thou shalt not swerve,
“For thou shalt love the Lord thy God,
Him only shalt thou serve.”

“GOD IS LOVE.”

He pardons faults, our crimes o'erlooks,
And points our way to lands above,
If we with contrite hearts will come
And pray to him, for “God is love.”

The darkest sin we can commit,
The crime of blackest hue,
He readily will all forgive,
And heal our sin, for “God is true.”

If mortals frown, and fates pursue,
And fortunes adverse move,
He is the same whene'er she smiles,
Or when she frowns, for “God is love.”

If he afflicts us with life's woes,
He only us would prove ;
For willingly he ne'er afflicts
The sons of men, for "God is love."

And when life's embers cease to burn,
He guides our souls above,
To rest with him in endless peace
In heaven high, for "God is love."

Then ye that are in darkness kept,
And think 'twill ne'er improve,
Look up to him and pray for aid ;
He will assist, for "God is love."

“THIS IS THE LAST OF EARTH,
I AM CONTENT;”

Were the last words of a dying statesman, who fell from his official seat in the House of Representatives and yielded his spirit to the arms of the universal conqueror, alike reminding us of the ubiquity of Death and of his stern impartiality.

“THE last of earth,” I yield to God
The spirit that to me he gave,
Nor shall I ask or vainly seek
My fleeting life from death to save ;
For I will leave as I have stayed,
Nor fly from death too long delayed.

Full long enough on earth I've been,
And now I'll take my last repose,
Too much of this vile world I've seen ;

Deceit alike in friends or foes.
With joy I part with fleeting breath,
And yield my life to thee, O Death !

My body 'll crumble 'neath the soil
Where you have laid me down to rest,
No more on earth in vain to toil,
But rest upon my Maker's breast.
I'll heed no monumental load,
When I've returned unto my God.

I proudly say that I have borne
By far the noblest, brightest gem,
That, like a rainbow 'mid the storm,
Shines in Ambition's diadem.
And gladly now I fling all by,
For heaven's imperial majesty !

" The last of earth," my course is run,
I go to dust from whence I came.

And now, before the set of sun,
I'll live no more, except in name ;
For now bright ministers of Fate
For my frail breath already wait.

“The last of earth, I am content,”
I yield my breath to God, who gave
Me all that ever I possessed,
Both here and all beyond the grave ;
And now I die as I have lived,
By friends caressed, by friends bereaved.

AN ENIGMA.

In friends or in foes
His presence we find,
Both anger and love him embrace;
In death or in life
He always is near,
And forms both our feet and our face.

If we climb up to heaven
We'll sure find him there,
Without him it ne'er could exist,
Or if to the depths of
The earth we descend,
There naught will his power resist.

VIR TUE.

SHE gilds our paths, and lends a ray
Of glory to our brightest hours :
Her sun illumines our darkest day,
And makes it fair by her sweet powers :
She cheers us on 'mid gloomy strife,
And gives a joy to parting life.

WOMAN.

"When care and anguish rack the brow,
A ministering angel thou." SCOTT.

YES, in thy love thou calm'st our grief,
And bid'st our troubles flee away :
Thou'rt always ready with relief
To aid us in our gloomiest day.

If woes beset or clouds surround,
Alike thou always comest near,
And wip'st away, with loving hand,
Affliction's deepest, saddest tear.

And when time makes the cheek to fade,
The joyous eye grow dim and sad,

Thy gentle presence drives the shade
Far from the heart in sorrow clad.

When age his furrows o'er us sweeps,
The rippling blood flows dull and slow,
Thou lull'st our troubled fears to sleep,
And sooth'st our grief and calm'st our woe

"I WOULD LOVE NO MORE."

LEAVE me, oh ! leave me, I would love no
more,

Thy mem'ry binds me with too sad a spell ;
Thou mak'st these very regions where I am
Too mournful in their mournfulness !

Farewell.

Leave me ! for thy thoughts now turn to
clouds

The brightest heaven of the azure skies,
It wakes a feeling of so deep a hate,
That even virtue in its recess dies !

Thy slighting motions cause no tears to gush,
Nor make the quick blood thrill unto my
heart ;

My feelings bid me thy mere name to hush,
And drive thy image from my aching
heart.

Leave me, oh ! leave me, for those early
years,
The first, first gushing of my love's deep
flow,
Can ne'er o'ersweep the present thoughts of
hate,
Or turn to life what now I feel—Ah no !

Happy I, once, before I knew thy power,
Or e'er my soul was changed from love
to strife,
For deep disgust has turned me far from thee,
Unto a dream-like wilderness of life.

My soul, where once a beauteous diamond
dwelt,

A viper coils with his envenomed breath,
And all that once for thee in friendship
lived

Has turned for ever, as from life to death.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MISSES DAVIDSON.

These two talented young ladies, had they lived, would no doubt have graced our array of poetic talent, but being frail and delicate in their constitution, quenched their own fire by too intense application.

O YE, so early lost, so much deplored,
Pure spirits, born for realms on high !
Ye stayed a moment with us here,
Then went to the far-distant sky.

Ye were like meteors for a time,
Emblazing in the azure sky,
Then fading in your own bright light,
Were lost in the eternity.

Your minds were fires in the earth,
Unworthy though the earth may be,
Which quenched themselves ere they had
grown
Or strengthened to maturity.

This feeble tribute is your own,
I love to con your mem'ries o'er,
And joy to read, in strains of love,
Your music that shall sleep no more.

To you I pour the heartfelt lay,
To you these few short lines belong,
For, though from earth you've passed away,
Your names shall fill the poet's song.

Oh ye pure spirits, linger near,
And hear my lay, though poor it be,
And may your names, by all adored,
Lend beauty to this melody.

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S REPLY TO HIS CAPTORS.

I HAVE seen the blush of the rosy morn,

As the sun was rising slow,

I have seen the sky by the tempest torn,

When the thunder muttered low.

I have stood where the heaven's lightning
flashed,

And the winds did hideous roar ;

I have stood where the mountain oak was
crashed

In the mighty torrent's pour.

I have stood where the earth with thunders
rang,

And the forked lightning sped ;
I have stood where the deadly broadsword's
clang
Seemed to number the very dead.

I have stood unmoved, and without a fear
I have seen my comrades fall :
Do you think that the terrors you have here
Can my inmost soul appal ?

Back ! back ! vile slaves, I fear no death,
For mercy I'll not cry ;
I'll curse you with my latest breath,
And with it you defy.

Come with your torturing stake and brand,
Bring all your powers now,
For never will my heart's blood let
My haughty spirit bow.

No nerve shall shrink in this dark arm,
My quick pulse shall not thrill ;
I'll bend the knee before my God,
But you I never will.

LIFE.

SWIFT onward flows the stream of time,
And murmurs rapid by,
And flows through its deep river's bed
Into eternity.

At first the stream runs rippling on,
But, as we further go,
No more a lovely stream we see,
But ocean's troubled throe.

Upon the wave we launch our barque,
By trouble's waves it's tossed,
We sport a moment of the tide,
Then are for ever lost.

When we despair and think we sink,
An angel hovers near,
And guides our frail and shivering barque,
When we the quicksands near.

For mercy is that beauteous thing
That wears a spirit's form,
And which always to us appears
An angel 'mid the storm.

WASHINGTON REFUSING A CROWN.

KEEP back your gifts, I hate the things
That to a king belong,
I've fought against proud royalty,
And think I'd wear its crown ?

The noblest gem that man could hold
My God has sent to me ;
'Tis this, t' have fought and to have won
A nation's liberty.

I've borne, unharmed, amid the storm,
My nation's banner still,
And I have drunk the sweetest cup
That ever man could fill.

The war is done, we've put to flight
A hireling's base brood ;
I wear the noblest, brightest wreath,
A nation's gratitude.

I've fought the fight, I war no more,
My country's battle 's done,
And British hearts shall thrill to hear
The name of " Washington."

I ask no crown ; I've won a fame
That's like the blazing sun,
Sooner shall fade the name of earth
Than that of " Washington."

My flesh may crumble in the earth,
My very bones may rot—
There is one thing while earth exists
That never 'll be forgot.

While Freedom's banner proud shall wave,
And men her praise extol,
The name of "Washington" shall move
With one unceasing roll.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED IN PASSING THROUGH A FOREST
IN AUTUMN.

"WHAT is there gloomy in the forest
leaves?"

What is there mournful in the autumn's
air?

It is because their leaves on earth remind
us,

That soon our bodies must be slumbering
there.

It is because the trees are barren,
And from their trunks the withered leaves
now fall,

Telling us in true but mournful numbers,
This at last must be the fate of all.

On the hills the grass has withered,
Lone and dreary every hillock stands,
All the trees, now bare and leafless,
Grow like lone, deserted bands.

So mankind must fade and perish
'Neath the chilling wind of age ;
Thus the old, the young, and graceful
Quit us, weary of life's drama's page.

Like the leaves that fall in autumn,
On the earth we withered lie ;
Though we blossom in the summer,
In the winter fade and die.

Life, indeed, is but a flower
Fanned beneath the summer sky ;

When the winter's blasts come nigh us,
Like the flowers we must die.

Though our joys be bright in summer,
They must change and fade away ;
Winter's blasts soon nip the flowers,
Soon they fall and soon decay.

THE NIGHT BEFORE VACATION.

SUGGESTED ON BEING AT SCHOOL AT THE CLOSE
OF A SESSION.

THERE were sounds of mirth and joyousness
Heard in the merry hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And many a merry call ;
And the eye flashed bright with joyousness,
For the morrow with joy was fraught,
And many a heart felt light with glee
And hope at the happy thought.

They talked of pleasures at their right hand,
And the joy that they would have,
And the echoing sound of that happy band

Made the school-room walls resound;
For they drank the cup of pleasure,
And the beaker was filled up high,
And they thought of many a treasure,
That for them was long stored by.

What will you do to-morrow?
Was the oft repeated theme,
And the gladness of to-morrow
Was the upmost in their dream.
They slept but little on that night,
For their thoughts were all home,
And what a source of pleasure
Was for them in time to come.

And the long expected morrow
Dawned upon the schoolboy's sight,
And then were to be realized,
The dreams of yester-night:

And their hearts beat high with gladness,
As the morrow's morn drew nigh,
And their hopes were fully realized
When the morrow's sun was high.

TO M——.

ALL things must change and fade away,
Breathe but an hour, then turn and die,
Be lost for ever from our present gaze,
And melt into sweet memory.

All joys must pass, all hopes must die,
And leave us, ne'er to come again,
For earth is fleeting, and its joys
Must pass away, or end in pain.

When we some object ask, and seek some one
To love and cherish in our heart's sweet
fears,
Then they are snatched for ever from our
hopes,
And all our prospects too must end in tears.

But it is truest when we weep and mourn,
"For hope is fairest when it dawns from
fears,"

And it is sweetest when we grieve 'mid
joy,

"For love is loveliest when embalmed in
tears."

If we seem cold, is it our love that's chilled ?

Can we in truth so soon forsake and part ?

Ah no ! we cherish in our fond regard,

As ever friendship can control the heart.

For if we fade, and others take our place,

We have remained as firm and ever
true,

For we have nourished every happy thought,

And cherished hopes that in our anguish
grew.

Then blame me not, for you still hold no
small

Nor trifling place within my heart's
regard,

For dearly do I love to back recall

The joys that nothing can again retard.

Then may I trust again to meet thy hopes,

And prove a blessing, not a curse to thee ?

For all my thoughts are centred in one joy,

To love and please thee fondlily.

TO L——

'Tis pleasant at least to our fond recollection
To think that we hold a kind friend in affection,

For affection alone, and affection so sweet,
Makes the heart of a mortal a sacred retreat ;
While kindness, and love, and pure virtue
combine

To render it lovely and even divine.

To love and be loved is the fate of our race,
And love is not always enticed by the face,
For beauty of heart far surpasses in grace
The beauty of form and the well-modelled
face.

Our hearts, often thinking they're free from
love's snare,

Are conquered and taken before they're
aware.

So keen is this archer, so shrewd and so
sly,

That he takes for his arrow the swift-darting
eye,

And the eye, that mischievous and twinkling
thing,

Is tipped with a feather from beauty's bright
wing.

For what is there roguish on earth or in
sky,

That is not concealed in a sparkling black
eye?

Or what is there lovely, devoted, and true,
That does not shine forth in the mild eye of
blue?

And whether the arrow be black or be
blue,

'Tis aimed by the archer too piercing and
true,
That no heart can withstand it, however so
hard,
Nor no breast so inhuman that can it retard.

TO S. C. S.

WHEN some kind friend has told to us
A sweet remembrance of a thing we love,
Should we not then a grateful tribute give,
When all our feelings in sweet concert
move ?

You said that you again my muse inspired :
What better object could I have than thee ?
For all my thoughts come gladly rushing on,
When once in motion they are set by
thee.

Should we be blamed if we did purely love ?
Or if we're blamed, can it be quenched by
aught

That others bear with jealous hand, to blast
Our hopes, and bring our dearest joys to
naught.

If youthful love is but a thing of air,
And quickly fades 'neath gloomy sorrow's
sun,
Why is our heart—that little beating thing ?
If we affection's race were ne'er to run.

O may you then, when I would sink in grief,
And dimly burns my dull poetic fire,
Like a kind angel ever bring relief,
And with new zeal my languid muse
inspire.

TO MY TEACHER.

WHENE'ER affection strongly binds
The hearts we love so firm and true,
To ours there always is a love,
That every favor must renew,
And make the hearts, like heaven above,
Shine with the rays of truest love.

To have a friend on whom to trust,
On whom to lean in weal or woe,
Is a kind heaven-born blessing sent,
To cheer us on while here below,
And throw around the darkest night,
A halo of eternal light.

Who, that has ever roamed in lands,
That far are stretched beyond the sea,

Has never missed the kindred bands
Of friends' serene society,
And never found, while pressed with grief,
The cup of love to bring relief?

Oh what a pang it strikes to lose
A friend, in whom we place our all,
Or mingle with our cup of Life,
The bitter draught of trouble's gall ;
For ne'er the place can we supply,
Of friends whom our affections try.

Can fancied bliss in lines portray
The sad reality of Life,
Or can imagination gild
The lowering clouds of angry strife,
Or lend one ray to light the past,
Or heighten joys too bright to last ?

Can we, in fancy's gilded car,
Change aught of future bliss or woe,
Or can we change one moment's grief,
For that of joy? ah no, ah no,
For life must be a life alone,
The griefs we have are all our own.

HEAVEN OUR FINAL RESTING- PLACE.

THIS earth is changing, and its scenes
Can never give a true delight,
For joy alone is found in heaven,
And truth alone in realms of light.

Our earth-born pilgrimage is short,
Full long enough for all its woes,
For soon with joy we'll leave its course,
And bid farewell to friends and foes.

Soon we must lay our bodies down,
Calmly on the earth's green vest,
But then a voice from heaven cries,
“Arise, arise, 'tis not your rest.”

Where is our rest ! 'tis not on earth,
A fairer land awaits our souls,
Where from the founts of endless love,
A living water rolls.

ON HEARING OF THE DEFEAT OF THE HUNGARIANS.

IMMORTAL Hungary ! thy name shall stand,
Enrolled on Freedom's banner yet,
And every nation, every land,
Thy well-fought contest ne'er 'll forget.

Though pressing nations have thee crushed,
And tyrants held their sway o'er thee ;
Though from thy veins the life-blood gushed,
Thou wilt hereafter still be free.

When tyrants did thy arms o'erpower,
Did Heaven look down unconscious then ?
No ! God was mindful of the hour,
When thy brave heroes died like men.

In every land 'neath heaven's air,
Where Freedom proudly holds her own,
For thee was many a heartfelt prayer
Sent upward to the heavenly throne.

Though hordes of Slaves came down on
thee,
The Magyars did not die in vain :
I hear the voice of Prophecy,
“ Brave nation, thou’lt be free again.”

Though far in lands across the sea,
Where millions dwell uncrushed and free,
Brave hearts will beat and pray for thee,
For thee—Immortal Hungary.

THE VISION.

In my walks at even tide,
Strolling by the river side.

Just it was when new-born night,
Drove away the realms of light ;

Rapt in solitude, my mind
Left the cares of Earth behind,

And it soared to yonder sky,
Th' abode of pure tranquillity ;

As I gazed, with eager eye,
On the starry canopy,

In mine eye there came a tear,
Like the stars in heaven clear,

Like the dew it gently fell,
On the gay and grassy dell.

"Tis sad," said I, "to fade and die,
Far from such tranquillity.

When will our sad course be run,
And our earth-born life be done,

When the happy day so bright,
To our souls shall bring delight;

When our wearied limbs shall rest
Calmly, on the earth's green breast;

Must I, holy Father, die,
'Neath this awful mystery;

Must I leave this vale of woe,
Nor the solemn secret know?"

While I thus in spirit prayed,
Soon my musings quick were stayed.

For, as coming from the sky,
A fair angel met my eye.

Sweet and pure was her eye,
Faultless was her symmetry.

She nearer drew and then she spoke,
And with her voice the stillness broke.

"When injustice grim shall cease,
And all nations be at peace;

Then descending from above,
Christ, the only God of love,

Far shall drive the gathering gloom
From the unregarded tomb."

Then upon my spirit fell,
Pleasure inexpressible.

Thence I gaily then departed,
With no sigh, but happy-hearted.

It was a custom at Athens on a festival celebrated annually in honor of Vulcan, to have a race of the following manner. Three young men were chosen as competitors; the first one, also chosen by lot to take his turn, took a lighted torch in his hand and began his course. If the torch was extinguished before he arrived at the goal, he made way for the second competitor and gave the torch to him. If the second in like manner failed, he made way for the third. If any one, through fear of extinguishing the torch by too violent exertions, relaxed his pace, the spectators struck him with the palms of their hands in order to urge him on.

WE start in Life, our torch burns light,
And onward press we to the goal,
While urging all our powers on,
Honor engrosses all our soul.

Soon we must sink into the grave
Another one then takes our place,
And like as we, with vigor strives
If he may gain th' appointed race.

But he, alas ! no better fares,
His life, like ours, was all a dream,
And loses as about to grasp
The honors that so easy seem.

So race on race, in turn succeeds,
So they are carried to the grave,
And all for the same honor strive,
The proud, the wise, the good, the brave.

What is our life ? a thing of air,
A race, an anxious, hurried flight,
For ere we reach, or gain the prize,
We sink in dark, oblivious night.

What do we seek, where do we rush ?
From life to death we hurry on ;
And sinking to the silent grave,
Are lost and are for ever gone.

Let us, then, if we must struggle,
Strive for an immortal wreath,
Which will live when we are faded,
Which will conquer even death.

"I am losing more than Life, I am losing Immortality."

[These were the last words of a young painter, who expired of a fever amid the marshes of a southern clime.]

My Life, my Life, oh what is that!

A frail and fleeting thing,

Its pleasures are but shadows,

On time's remorseless wing.

I fear not all the pangs of death

I fear not now to die,

I'd gladly give my latest breath

For immortality.

A fame, a fame, undying fame,

Is all my spirit sought,

And here I die without a name,

My pencil strove for naught.

And must I die? is there no hope?
Unhonored must I die?
I cannot, will not, shall not part
With immortality.

Here in a foreign land alone
I sink into the grave,
Unknown, uncared for, must I die
In lands across the wave.

It is not Life I wish for now,
'Tis not from Death I fly,
"For I am losing more than Life,
'Tis immortality."

TO S. C. S.

As on the sterile mountain side,
Blows soft the fair wild rose,
So in the rocky paths of Life,
The flower of friendship grows.

As down upon the thirsty earth
The dew of Heaven descends,
So falls upon the soul of man
The kindness of his friends.

As when the almost drooping earth
The little rain revives,
So friendship, when 'tis kindly brought,
Adds freshness to our lives.

It is indeed but gratitude,
Where'er our footsteps roam,
To think of those who kindness show
When we are far from home.

Thy kindness shown in sickness' hour,
When pains my brow beset,
Thy watchful eye, thy aiding power
I never shall forget.

TO J. S., Esq.

O, COULD I say the power were mine,
To wake the note thou lovest to hear,
And breathe with joy each new-born thought,
Into thy fondly-listening ear;
To tell thee all I know or feel,
O, 'twere a task for tongue too dear,
But may my muse its power engage,
Thy name to tell, thy praise to rear.
To me the torch of life burns bright,
And hope her banner holds to me,
While all my life is but delight,
My hopes and fancies wander free.
Now, oh! how vain and trivial seem
The pleasures that I prized before,
For by thy precepts thou hast taught,

My God and Maker to adore.
And when my steps, with faltering pace,
Are struggling on through doubt and strife,
Oh ! may they prove, as time rolls on,
The pathway to eternal life ;
When God shall guide thy soul above,
By the sweet paths of heavenly love ;
When the vain cares of life depart,
And gladsome praises swell thy heart,
Then may each word, each note you raise,
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise ;
May soon my soul at God's great shrine,
My friend and teacher, rest with thine !

NO ROSE BUT HATH ITS THORN.

LIFE hath its scenes of joy or woe,
Nor can we hope for none alloy,
Life were too drear if all were woe—
Too dear by far if all were joy.

They say no rose but hath *its* thorn,
And we admit that saying right,
They'd better say a happy morn
Oft follows close a gloomy night.

There is no night but hath its morn,
However sad that night may be,
There is no hope, howe'er forlorn,
But ends in pure felicity.

TO MY MOTHER.

WHEN, mother, on thy tender breast
I laid to rest my infant head,
You gently sang your boy to sleep,
And thus the burden of the prayers you said :

“ O God, protect my boy from harm,
When threat’ning dangers hang around,
O keep him safe in life’s sad way,
When cares and evils him surround.”

When I express or ’tempt to tell,
How deep’s my love, my mother dear,
My heart forbids to tell the tale,
My gushing eye drops forth a tear.

WRITTEN AFTER BEING CHARGED
WITH INGRATITUDE.

THOUGH you, perchance, think I have less
Of true affection than the rest,
There is no heart, howe'er so kind,
Will ever leave me far behind ;
A heart to thee, more firm and true,
Ne'er from the breast of mortal grew,
Nor cruel sword, nor poisoned dart,
Nor burning brand, nor scourging rude,
A deeper pang could ne'er impart,
Than that of my ingratitude.
I will confess that I have shown
An ill respect by look and tone :
I ask forgiveness, if I can,
For know that I am but a man.

No cruel blow could ever sweep
A furrow in my heart so deep
As this, to say, regardless I
Have passed thy kindly favors bye ;
My looks no more shall give offence,
All shall be love and reverence,
And never aught but in my praise,
May mortals e'er their voices raise.

THE DREAM OF HEAVEN.

It was night, and o'ercome by the cares of
the world,
My spirit in slumber was wrapt,
When Fancy her gaily tinged banner un-
furled,
And visions of joy hovered light o'er my
soul.

I dreamed of a land far away from our sight,
Where Pleasures unceasingly flow,
Where the presence of God gives eternal
delight,
In the land where no mortal can go.

I dreamed that in council around His great
throne,

The host of high Heaven were joined,
To ransom the fallen from sins all their own,
And restore him the favor of God.

And who of that host would willingly make
An atonement for poor fallen man,
And the sins of a world upon him would
take,
To save him from Death and from Hell.

I dreamed that the pure immaculate Lamb,
The only begotten of God,
Addressing the holy immortal "I Am,"
Spake in spirit so humble and true :

Oh! Father who rulest the heaven and earth,
The air and the loud-roaring sea,
At the sound of whose voice sprang the
world into birth,
And from Chaos the Universe came.

I willingly go from my seat at thy side,
And assume a mere mortal's disguise,
To recall fallen man, now ruined with pride,
And to bring him to heaven and thee.

Oh! Father, then suffer upon me to fall
Thy just indignation and wrath,
For the sins of the Past, of the Present,
and all
Of mankind that are yet to exist.

He left his bright throne in the heavens on
high,
Made flesh, of a Virgin was born,
And came to this earth to suffer and die,
For the sins of a world, not his own.

RELIGION.

WHEN Life's dull stream shall cease to flow,
And death shall call our souls away,
Thou giv'st to Life a parting glow,
And kindl'st darkness into day.

Thou beacon-light, thou thing divine,
Thou holy spirit kindly given,
Thou shalt not rest on Earth's dull shrine,
But lead our souls to God and Heaven.

Without thee life were but a sea,
Where naught but clouds were spread
around,
But oh ! thou ever still wilt be
A light to us while heavenward bound.

Thou soul-inspiring, holy thought,
When out from Eden man was driven ;
Thou wert a spirit kindly brought
To give to him a taste of Heaven.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF MY GRANDFATHER.

ALL, all was still, the lifeless wreck,
Of that once manly form before
Me lay. The lips on which I had
So oft impressed the loving kiss
Were cold; he lay upon his couch
A lifeless corse. His cold, dull limbs
Lay stretched before, in sleepless
Helplessness of death. And those
Fond ears, which had so often heard
My boyish prattle, were stopped for ever.
Then prayed I in the fervor of
My love, that his kind soul might dwell
In yon fair land above, where naught
Of care dims aught of his delight.

I WOULD WE NE'ER HAD MET AGAIN.

I WOULD we ne'er had met again!
Thy form no more may see,
For then a shadow haunts my brain,
'Tis all but love to thee.

O, how can you your faith restore,
Like that I once thought fair,
I looked and saw my soul once more,
And what a change was there.

Yes! it was sad as desert plain,
Mournful as midnight sea,
And yet I ne'er would have again
A single thought of thee.

OH! IF THOU WILT STILL KEEP
THINE HEART.

O, if thou wilt still keep thine heart,
Give back mine then to me,
And bid thy mem'ry thence depart,
And leave me, as once, free.
If 'tis thy choice I'll not repine,
Nor think myself outcast,
But hope that love will win me thine,
By its deep truths at last.

HOME.

Ah, where is home? 'Tis where the woods
Their leaves are waving to the summer's air,
Where rippling streams lead down the hills
A vein of light. 'Tis there, 'tis there.

Where we have spent our youthful days,
Untouched, unharmed by every thought of
care,
Where we have slept beneath the gentle
trees
That shook with joy—'Tis there, 'tis there.

Where we are loved, and where for us,
With evening's air a mother's gentle prayer,
For our own good and future joy,
Ascends to God—'Tis there, 'tis there.

The spirit of its love is borne
On every sound that comes upon the air,
Where in the strain of kindred song
A hymn ascends—'Tis there, 'tis there.

A MOTHER.

WHAT friend on earth have we so dear,
So gentle, kind, and true,
As her to whom we owe our life,
And by whose care we grew.
'Tis hers in silent tears to weep,
And willingly to shed
The riches from affection's deep
Upon our guilty head.

When all the world looks dark around,
When all our friends are gone,
'Tis hers to cheer our footsteps on,
And smile when others frown ;
'Tis hers untired to be found
Beside the bed of pain,

With heart inspired and breast of hope,
To cool the fevered brain.

To love through all, in weal or woe,
Whate'er our fate may be,
To light our path with cheering glow,
And love so fondlily,
A mother ! how unhappy he
Who is without thy care,
Oh ! how availing must it be,
A mother's heartfelt prayer.

It was a beautiful saying of MR. BURKE, uttered in the speech before the House of Commons, "What shadows we are, and what shadows are we pursuing!"

YES, shadows we are,
And what shadows we seek,
And vain is our worldly delight;
We land on this earth
For a moment, then fly
To a home far more fair and more bright.

We are caught at a glance,
By the earth's luring joys,
And eager we rush for the prize;
The moment we think
It is held in our grasp,
'Tis snatched from our vain-seeking eyes.

What shadows we are,
And what shadows we seek,
We live on the earth for a day,
We breathe for a moment
In joy and delight,
Then vanish for ever away.

Then why, then oh, why,
Should we spend all our life
For a thing that is passing away,
Forgetting that soon
We must change this vile form
For one that will never decay.

When the soul wings its flight
To a land of delight,
Where naught can disturb our repose;
What heeds the cold clay,

That is passing away,
For the presence of friends or of foes !

O ! then let us give
All our thoughts while we live,
To our last and our final estate ;
For soon we must fade
From the earth like a shade,
To meet with an unending fate.

TO J. T. M.

ON HIS EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

So thou art now eighteen,
And thy course of Life has yet,
Perchance, run smooth, while by
The ripples of thy stream flowed
Calm. And long may it continue
So. But our sad destinies and
Fates forbid, and those we love
May change and fade away.

So now a
Fond farewell and o'er life's drear
And wearying track think oft of
Me, and say you have a friend
Whose heart is linked with thine and
Feels your sorrows as his own.

GENTLE READER, HAST THOU LOVED?

HAS thy cheek, with troubled thought,
Varied tints of crimson caught ?
From thy voice has thrilled a tone,
Never to thy childhood known ?
Has thy heart within thee moved ?
Gentle reader, thou hast loved.

Hast thou had thy kind thoughts wasted ?
Hast thou had thy young hopes blasted ?
Hast thou e'er felt sad and lone ?
Painted visions not thine own ?
Hast thou shed thy tears like rain ?
Reader, thou hast loved in vain.

I'D WEEP O'ER JOYS THAT
LEAVE ME.

I'd weep o'er joys that leave me,
If friends should leave me too,
If all then should deceive me,
And prove, like thee, untrue.

But while I've friends around me
With hearts so gay and bright,
No clouds thou'l cast around me,
But love will turn to light.

It is not thine to harm me,
While fate leaves friends to me!
Nor is it thine to charm me,
Nor cause one tear for thee.

And though the only hope be gone,
That long sparkled o'er my way.
Oh! I will gladly journey on,
More safe without its ray.

Far better lights shall win me
On the path I've yet to roam;
And the mind that burns within me
Keep its smiles for those at home.

TO A YOUNG MARRIED FRIEND.

Now thou hast received the token
Of a love that cannot die,
And the holy words once spoken
Are now registered on high.
A father's hand conferred thee
On the one that thou didst love,
To guard and to protect thee,
Till thou'rt called to dwell above.
May his arm for e'er protect thee,
Thou, the object of his choice ;
And thou for ever cheer him
By thy mild and gentle voice.

TO M——.

LIFE! what is life, is it to long and die?
To weep, look back, and to endure?
Is there indeed no hope for us to try?
Is there forsooth a grief that hath no cure?

Is it to look forth from our childish years
Into the future? and then with amaze
To shrink and find our refuge but in tears?
When we at last have reached those longed-
for days.

Is it to love and find our love but clay?
To dream of bliss and wake to mourn?
To joy one hour, then fade away,
And never reach imagination's bourn?

Ah, no! indeed, it is to gladly fly
From every thought of sorrow's gloomy
stage;

To learn with joy to check each bitter cry,
And look but lightly on our drama's page.

But human aid may fail—Thou'l^t not mis-
trust,

Nor wilt thou flutter—faith and love will
stay,

When hopes seem drooped, drooped to the
very dust,

And lead us on to many a happier day.

Then we look up, though storm-drops wet
our face;

And lift our souls, though thunders echo
round.

The lightning's rapid feet may not keep pace

With our soul's prayer, ascending without sound.

Oft thou, like twilight and a gentle calm,
Steal'st o'er my spirit, with a soothing love,
Seeming to be a beauteous, blessed balm,
Sent to impart a radiance from above.

When as the light fades to a sombre hue,
And the fair sky is wrapt in shadows dark,
Then Venus gaily beaming meets my view,
And her chaste rays are all my eyes can mark.

And when her gentle lustre thus I see,
Then turns my memory, Mary, unto thee ;
For this it pictures hours of woe and gloom,
Which thy kind smile and words did well illumine.

Oh, may thy life, Mary, be calm and blest
Like this just ended day be holy rest ;
And when death's dimness steals thine eye-
lids o'er,
Then star-like may thy spirit shine and soar.

“ IF I LOSE THEE I AM LOST.”

I INDEED would lonely be,
Wafted o'er life's treacherous sea,
By the troubled tempest tossed ;
“ If I lose thee I am lost.”

When the northern star is beaming,
And the winter's moon is gleaming,
I think of thee, my fairest boast ;
“ If I lose thee I am lost.”

When the northern light is blazing,
And to heaven its red top raising,
I think of thee while onward tossed ;
“ If I lose thee I am lost.”

TO J. S., ESQ.

THY kindness and affection
Round my heart have cast a chain,
Which naught but death can sever,
And no power break in twain.

Nor ask why 'tis I love thee ;
Ask the star why 'tis it shines !
And ask why 'tis the ivy
Round the towering oak entwines.

What power but death could part us,
The hearts that love has bound,
Th' abode of true affection,
Where she always may be found ?

Thou hast pointed oft to heaven,
And told me of my God ;
And said that I, beset with snares,
A dangerous pathway trod.

When kneeling down beside my bed,
My youthful prayers ascend,
That God to thee, in suffering hour,
Would his holy spirit send.

And when upon life's giddy stream
I'll launch my little boat,
'Twill be owing to thy watchful care
That little bark will float.

And when in death's eternal sleep
Mine eyes shall lose their light,
O may thy name be on my lips,
When my spirit wings its flight.

CUPID'S ACCIDENT.

FROM ANACREON.

CUPID, once roaming round, thought he would
go

Among the fair rose-covered bowers ;
For never before did the bow-bearer know
That thorns are oft found hid in flowers.

So he came to a rose that he thought very
sweet,

On plucking it there he was bent ;
But oh ! what a shocking mishap did he
meet,
Which very soon stopped his intent.

Then running, and flying, and flapping his
wings,

To the goddess Cythera, so bright :
Oh mother! a great winged monster, that
stings,
Has almost made me dead with affright.

Then, smiling, his mother rebuking him
spake :

“ If the sting of the bee pains thee so,
How much more is the pain that you, Cupid,
make,
In the hearts that you shoot with your
bow ? ”

AT THE CLOSE OF A SESSION AT SCHOOL.

We go, sweet friends, to our homes so dear,
Where our memory loves to dwell :
But the tie of love that binds us here
Holds with too deep a spell.

We go to our household fires and friends,
To our own sweet homes again,
And our parting tear with friendship blends ;
We hope to meet again.

We now are gathered gay around,
A joyous and a happy band,
And seem to be by friendship bound,
Emblems of a better land.

The ties that bind us firmly here
Are Friendship, Truth, and Love,
Bright spirits from a happy sphere,
The realms of bliss above.

The brightest joys that Friendship gives,
The pleasures to us she lends,
Have brightly shone on our school-boy lives ;
Then let us part like friends.

If aught of strife has entered in,
And ceased our love to flow,
May you to love again begin,
And smile before we go.

Our blessed Savior thus commands :
“ Let not the sun go down,
Nor take his course in western lands,
Upon your angry frown.”

The night of death may soon draw near,
The sun of life go down,
And ere we shall again meet here,
Be sleeping in the ground.

Then let us join our hands, sweet friends,
And hearts in social love ;
And if with us the life-day ends,
We'll meet again above.

IDA,

OR A TALE OF THE FALL OF TROY.

THE sun went down o'er Mount Ida's height,
Reflecting a flush of mellow light :
And the moon arose in her splendor bright,
Softening the gloom of the dark midnight ;
While the gentle stars came peeping forth,
With their lovely Queen, the Star of the
North.

On the summit of Ida the lofty trees
Moved their old green tops to the evening
breeze :

E'en nature herself seemed to court repose,
In the calm, sweet hour of twilight's close.
The foe had departed, the city, once free,
Gave vent to her joy in a jubilee,

And the pipe and the dance wore the night
away,

Till the moon arose to her midnight way :
Then, weary, they sought their couch of
rest,

And their sleep with tranquil dreams was
blest ;

For the foe and the stranger dwell not in
their breast.

But one in that city dreamed not of sleep,
For her heart was too full, in her grief, to
weep ;

As she clasped her babe to her throbbing
breast,

Sleeping so sweetly in innocent rest,
To Ceres she prayed long and deep for
relief :

“ Oh thou, who knowest a mother’s grief,

Who hast drunk the dregs of the fennel's
leaf,

To thee does a mother now send a prayer
For the innocent babe that is slumbering
here ;

A fatherless one o'er the world he may go,
To struggle with cares for his weal or his
woe.

May his father's spirit his course command,
Till the murderers fall by his own right
hand."

As thus she prayed in her accents wild,
The babe awoke and sweetly smiled.

At the dawn of morn no sound was heard,
In the lady's chamber no footstep stirred ;
And they entered the place where the lady
slept ;

The hardest-hearted drew back and wept.

The baby was drawing his infant breath,
But the lady was wrapt in the arms of death.
The spirit had left this earthly clod
For the land which no mortal on earth hath
trod.

In the height of her grief her soul had ta'en
A place of rest far away from pain.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA.

'TWAS night-fall on the sea;
No wind came stealing o'er the ocean wave,
Nor tossed the surface of the billowy sea;
The stars were twinkling in their azure
dome,
And sparkling with their gentle rays upon
The ocean deep. The lovely moon, in her
Nocturnal course, had crossed the line that's
stretched
From either pole, and was e'en now in her
Majestic way unto her resting-place.
For sixty days the ships had sailed west,
And naught of land met their expectant
gaze.

The wearied shipmen trembled in alarm,
Lest they for the last time had seen their
home,
With its sweet flowers and green fields, and
the
Fair hills of sunny Spain, which oft had
Re-echoed to their hearts' light laughter ;
For the last time they thought they'd fallen
on
Th' adoring knee before their Maker's throne ;
And were about to yield their bodies to
The dust, from whence they came.
No sound disturbed the calm tranquillity of
ocean ;
Sleepless, below, lay the leader of that
Adventurous band, and in his mantle
wrapped
Thought o'er and o'er the dangers of his
course :

Hark! he starts, he listens, and rushes to
the deck.

Louder and louder on the winds of heaven
Is borne the cry of "Land! land!" He
lists again,

He hears 'tis true, and with a burst of joy
He tells his comrades, "It is land!"

The morning dawned, and with the sun he
saw

The wished-for land, and upon his knees he
Rendered thanks to God, and sang the
Hymn of joyful praise.

MARCO BOZZARIS'S WELCOME TO DEATH.

THOU'RT welcome, Death ; thou bring'st no
 pain ;

 My soul long pines for thee ;
Thou'rt welcome in thy direst forms,
 When 'tis for liberty.

I hear thee in the battle shout ;
 I see thee in the smoke ;
I hear thee in the proud hurrah,
 And in the sabre stroke.

'Tis liberty that makes thee sweet,
 And horror's from thee fled ;
Thy awful terrors down have lain,
 With beauty overspread ;
The answer of my parting soul,

It hails thee as its own ;
My heart hath echoes yet for thee,
Thou dread but welcome sound.

They leave me now ; the flowers are dim,
And all their beauties past ;
The sun sends down another light,
But 'tis with glory cast.
Then welcome, O thou summoner !
Hear my last cry again,
“ To fight and die for liberty
Is pleasure, not a pain.”

TO ——.

DREAM not of truth, it is not here ;
The heart of love may fade ;
The eyes that once with joy were clear
Will vanish as a shade.

The friendship bound by many a tie,
To part it none had power ;
The love that seemed to never die
May vanish in an hour.

Speak not of love, it is not here ;
It dwells far, far away ;
That angel-spirit comes not here,
To soothe this heart of clay.

If, in some distant land from this,
Some kinder one I've met,
Not all the forms of joy or bliss
Shall teach me to forget.

If all the joys of earth were mine,
Or dangers me beset ;
The looks, the love, the smiles of thine,
I never can forget.

TO ——,

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A RING.

ACCEPT this token of regard.

When cares around thee hover, and

The storms of life beat high,

O gaze on this and say, I—

I too am loved.

Friendship, they say, is endless,

So is this token, and so

May be ours, now just kindling;

And when we shall have separately

Gone forth upon life's way,

Calling each other's mem'ries, may we say,

We have been friends together.

"THE LAST OF THE PEQUODS."

O MUSE! to me, with all thy lovely grace,
Say what became of that once noble race ;
How they were driven from their native
 shore,
Till, one by one, they left to come no more.

I.

THE sun had sunk o'er yonder hill,
And calm the little river's rill,
And fast o'er earth the hazel shade
By gloomy night was quickly made.
And on the wings of heaven borne,
Was heard the lonely owlet's mourn,
Which echoing through the peaceful dale,
Seemed as to taint the very gale ;

The moon, her course ascending high,
Had gaily tinged the eastern sky,
And to the adjacent mountains lent
Th' appearance of a battlement ;
The toil-worn Indian sought his rest,—
No stately couch,—the earth's green vest
Was what his spirit liked the best :
No kingly canopy was given
To guard him from the midnight dew,
But the serene majestic heaven,
With its star-spangled vault of blue.
Scarce had they, wearied, sought repose,
When from the distant hills arose
The rifle's deadly crash.
Then came the pale-faced loud hurrah,
As when the thundering tempests roar,
And drive the waves from shore to shore.
The Indians started from their sleep,
Forth with their deadly war-whoop leap,

To meet the invading foe, and fight
For life, and homes, and native right.
The arrow's aim was true and good,
The deadly tomahawk drank blood ;
Then, like the storm-clouds from on high
Strike the huge oak, the shepherds fly
Affrighted, hurrying o'er the plain,
And seek to hide themselves in vain :
Just so the remnants of that band,
Once called the noblest in the land,
Fled onward fast in rapid course,
Like reeds before the tempest tossed,
And like the waves of sparkling foam,
Right onward did the invaders come.
Then by the light each musket bright
Reflected thousand gleams of light,
And then was heard the deadly clang,
As if the earth with thunders rang,
And bravely did the red men fight,
Till morning broke the dark midnight.

But when the morning came again,
That little band had died in vain :
The battle ceased, and naught was heard
Save the shrill whistle of the wind,
Or the lone chirp of some wild bird,
Whose mate had left in flight behind.

II.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

THERE were the dying there ;
The wounded rent with cries the air ;
There stood a man alone,
Friends, kindred, all were gone :
He stood, the last of all his race,
In the dark, awful, charnel place ;
Then in his grief his hands he wrung,
And in his wild, wild accents sung :

“They are gone, they are gone,
To their last hunting-ground,
And their spirits have flown
To a land of their own,
Where pleasures for ever abound.”

“They have flown, they have flown,
From the cares of the earth,
And their spirits are borne
Where they'll never be torn
By the cares of a mortal birth.”

“They have fought, they have died,
For their own native land ;
As they fought in their pride,
So they fell, side by side,
A free and a glorious band.”

His wild notes died away in air.

For none but the singer alone was there.
With his hands upraised to heaven, began :
“ Great Spirit ! the Father of God and man,
Wilt thou never to us lend thy powerful aid,
Shall the red man fade away like a shade ?
Shall the cold earth be his last, last bed,
And the white man be with his murderer fed ?
Shall never again the resounding wood
Re-echo with songs to the Indians’ God ?
Shall the base invader this region sway,
And the native-born his power obey ?
Shall he never in peace his bow-string draw,
Nor wildly rove, as his nature’s law ?
Shall he never plunge in the rippling flood,
Or bound through the heath in search of
food ?
And now, as my kinsmen and friends are
gone,
O ! lead me hence where they have flown ;

With my own brave nation, O let me die,
In free and unfettered liberty!"
And he died then free, with his nation brave,
And the wild-wood was the Indian's grave.
The wind swept on in gentle force,
And covered with leaves the Indian's corse.
The wild birds sung o'er his cold, cold clay,
When his spirit for ever had passed away;
No taunts would offend him, however unjust,
For the last of the Pequods had crumbled to
dust.

TO A FRIEND.

I REMEMBER once reflecting,
When the moon was shining bright,
And the little stars of even
Gave forth their twinkling light.

As I cast my gaze to heaven,
A tear stood in my eye ;
And that prayer was oft repeated,
And my bosom heaved a sigh.

For I thought of many dangers
That your after-path must cross,
And I thought of many tempests
That your little bark should toss.

And while I was yet gazing
On the upper liquid air,

A little star, going forward,
Shot from its fastenings there.

Methought I saw it spreading,
And shedding brilliant light,
Till the heavens were illumined,
Then it vanished from my sight.

I imagined 'twas a harbinger
Of thy future destined way ;
And I prayed you might hereafter
Kindle darkness into day.

And now, when we have parted,
Oh ! cast a thought on me,
In pleasure's joyous circle,
Or dark solemnity.

And remember how that once we did
In school-boys' gay throng dwell ;
And as you soon shall leave me,
I bid thee now farewell.

A DREAM.

TO ——.

'TWAS on a summer evening,
When the sun had sunk to rest,
And no wind o'er ocean stealing
Moved the waves upon her breast ;
When, forgetting all the cares of life,
My spirit sought repose,
There, from the deep-blue ocean,
A lovely maiden rose.

Her form was of the fairest
That ever mortal saw ;
While in her hand she held a gem,
From the depth of ocean's store.

From the sea-bird sadly weeping,
That jewel bright once fell,
And a fish beneath the water
Had closed it in its shell.

She dropped that pearl so brilliant
From out her snow-white hand,
And the loud-resounding ocean
Became a beauteous land.

That isle from ocean rising,
Seemed a paradise on earth,
Where never cares or sorrows,
But joys spring into birth.

She beckoned to approach her ;
My soul obeyed the call,
And from the misty future
She removed the darkened pall.

Before my eyes revolving

The fates of all moved slow,
The destinies of nations,
And the lives of men below.

There was the sage, the warrior,
The brave, the good, the wise,
And our nation's future heroes
Stood revealed before mine eyes.
I saw their crested helmets
Decked with laurels for their toils,
And their armies crowned in glory
With a conquered nation's spoils.

I saw the eagle standard
Float high above the rest,
And o'er time-honored nations waved
Our country's gallant crest.
Her future fame unfolded,
Caught my soul in raptures high,

And our own star-spangled banner
Waved triumphant in the sky.

There seemed, as I was dreaming,
A noble vine to rise ;
And I thought I saw it urging
Its progress to the skies.
It grew in such luxuriance,
And spread its branches round,
When one more fair in foliage
Sprang upwards from the ground.

I watched and saw its motions,
As to its mate inclined,
And lo ! their gentle branches
Round each other were entwined.
And upwards in their progress,
As gentle as the day,
The one around the other clasped,
To heaven they bent their way.

I asked of that fair being,
What could the vision mean ?
“ The life of him you love,” said she,
Shines in its silver sheen.
His life shall be as happy
As the bird that wings its flight,
Or like the star-lit even,
Unclouded, clear, and bright.

“ Look and you'll see the second
On his manly bosom stays ;
Upheld in joy or sorrow
Is the sun-light of his days.
So shall they pass o'er life's career,
And constant joys be given,
Until they leave this vale of tears
For better joys in heaven.”

LEILA,

OR THE INDIAN GIRL OF ONEIDA FOREST.

THE morn rose brightly in heaven's arch,
Reflecting his hues of a gaudy dye,
And gently the blue of the heaven high
Melted into an empurpled sky.
The fragrance came up from the wild-rose
 bower,
Blending with dew of the morning hour,
And mildly did nature arise from sleep,
When the sun came up from the misty deep;
A step comes lightly through the forest
 shade,
But the rustling leaves its presence betrayed,

'Twas Leila's, the light-footed Indian maid.
And why did she leave her maiden lands,
And the spot where her native wigwam
stands ?

Her tale, indeed, is a tale of love ;
There is one she loves all on earth above,
One who has youth with ardor fraught,
And ambition dwells in his inmost thought,
But his changed voice and mournful tone
Speak of a heart that's not all his own.

But why did she seek the lonely wood ?
A cruel father had demanded a name,
Ere his daughter's hand Samot could claim.
He had sought it oft in the din of war,
But glory from him had gone afar.
He had loved and sought, but his suit was
vain,
And his Leila's hand he could not gain.

But she, a maiden, his love returned,
And for him alone her bosom burned ;
For him alone she would breast life's sea,
And wait her lot with a hoping ee.
But talk not of love, till thou hast known
The love of maiden for one alone ;
A maiden within whose gentle mind
The love of one only is deeply enshrined.

Samot approached, and his love outpoured
To the one whom his heart alone adored :
“ Ask not, my love ; oh ! trust the heart
That has grieved so long with love's deepest
smart :

Fostered in tears my affection grew,
And learned to suffer but yet to be true.
Deem not my love an ephemeral flower
That's nursed alone by a sunny shower ;
'Tis the child of tempests and angry skies,

Yet 'tis unchanged and their power defies.
Too well I know, with prophetic heart,
That never again to meet we part :
If doomed to death, 'twill only be
A thing of joys, for I die for thee."

Leila replied : "Full well I see
That your fond hopes are placed on me ;
I tell thee in this sad mournful hour,
When love feels most its o'erwhelming power,
Yet if alone this heart shall bleed,
As days to days and months to months suc-
ceed,
No mortal again shall ever bestow
The joy that my blighted heart can know.
Oh ! be thou still high-souled and brave,
To whom my fondest vows I gave ;
Thy memory soothes in my heart's despair,
And holds undimmed thine image there."

Then Samot departed that very day,
And died in a land far, far away :
He was slain by the foe in a distant land,
And his bones lay bleaching on a foreign
strand.

Then long did Leila his coming wait ;
She looked for him early, she looked for him
late :

But lonely indeed she looked in vain,
For her lover could ne'er come back again.
Then wild grew her look, and crazed her
brain,

And her very heart was rent in twain ;
And week after week, at the close of day,
To a lofty mountain she'd wind her way,
And hold communion with him in prayer,
For she thought that his spirit was slumber-
ing there :

As the Indian hunter his chase pursued,

On the lofty hill where the leaves were
strewed,
Found the corse of a maiden slumbering
there,
As if fanned to sleep by the mountain air:
Alone and unwept her spirit had flown
To the land where the soul of her Samot
had gone,
And in sweet communion she dwelt with
him then
Unharmed, undisturbed by the pride of men.

OUR UNION.

OUR native land, the pride of earth,
Enrolled on time's long page shall be,
When thrones have crumbled into dust,
And kings are but in memory.

No humble knee to earth shall bend ;
For man shall be erect and free,
As God has made him, lord of all
In his majestic imagery.

When freedom's flag shall be unfurled
Upon the thrones of prostrate kings,
And monarchs' pageant-trains shall be
As old and long-forgotten things ;

Then we will stand unmoved and firm,
In spite of storm and angry seas,
And show unshaken to the world
Our Union and our Liberties.

No storm shall rend a single stripe,
No star shall leave its azure dome,
But bear aloft this emblem true,
“Our God, our Union, and our Home.”

THE VESPER HYMN.

GENTLY tolled the evening bell,
Gently came its lengthened swell,
O'er the hills of good old Spain ;
Hush ! it was the hour of prayer :
Cloistered monks were gathered there,
Singing loud their evening strain.

Loudly swelled the organ's note,
Pealing loud from brazen throat,
Filled the chancel long and wide ;
Louder rose the lengthened strain,
As the roaring of the main,
Swelling, tossing in its pride.

Hark ! the choir's gentle hymn
Breaks upon the silence dim,

Ave Maria, blessed styled ;
By no sin or crime beguiled,
Mother of thy holy child,
Pray for us, now tempest-tossed,
Rudder gone, and compass lost,
Guard us through life's tempest wild.

Ora, Virgin ever blessed,
Ave, Virgin pure confessed,
Hear our prayers to thee addressed :
Ave sancta, incorrupta,
Aude nostra supplicata,
Aid, O Virgin, ever blessed !

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

DREAM'ST thou of heaven? such dreams
divine

Waft oft adown earth's storm-tossed shore,
Kindling a flame on life's dull shrine,
Till anguish tears the breast no more.

This life were woe, if some bright dreams
Came not as stars to light the past,
Gleaming with hope's effulgent beams,
That brighten ere they fade at last.

When death has called some dear-loved
friend
From out his mansion in the clay,
Then dreams of heavenly radiance lend
A bright resplendence o'er our way.

The death which seems so chilling here
Is but new entrance into life ;
The breaking heart, the starting tear,
But seal our souls from doubt and strife.

The flowers of earth but transient are,
An emblem of our own young prime,
That perish 'neath the sun's red glare
To blossom in a brighter clime.

They perish here, but not decay,
But rise remodelled from the tomb,
And then they bloom more bright and gay,
Removed from fear, from grief and gloom.

M A N.

MANKIND is formed of varied flowers
Of varied tints ; a garden where
The choicest buds, the rankest weeds,
Promiscuous grow : and so it is,
And so it still must be. Were all
Alike, 'twould sink into a sea
Of dull satiety, or melt
Into disgust ; the very soul
Would hate the shortest length of life,
And seek in death what life could ne'er
Afford. The mind, above the plain
And level waste of time, would soar
To meet the planets in their way,
And sail the expanse of air ; perchance
To trace the fiery comet's course,

To see the slow moon wax and wane,
Why earth revolves, and what bright suns
Beyond the clear blue heavens lie,
To light the wandering stars.

Man may
Destroy the flesh : this clod of earth
Is but a thing that once was pure,
Yet soon, alas ! be made the food
Of worms—which fadeth, leaving all
Our brightest hopes unrealized.
But the immortal soul—the thing
God formed in his own image—soars
Still on, increasing in its own
Great magnitude, till its own might
Grasps heaven and earth in one extent
Of boundless range, too mighty for
The mightiest soul of earth to gaze
Upon. Yet earth is beautiful :

The trees, that put in spring their bright
Green robe, as if awaked from sleep,
Had just but seen their utter and
Entire nakedness, and those
White flowers, as if the lordlings of
The wood had decked themselves for nature's
Bridal morn. And summer, too ;
When leave the trees with their rich deep
Green foliage : while from their tops
The winged wanderers of air
Send forth their matins to the God
Of heaven. And earth is lovely too :
The rippling brooks, that softly down
The umbrageous side of many a hill
Pour their swift course ; while here the grey
Old rocks, the antique monuments
Of by-gone time, of ages that
Have passed into oblivion, tell, too,
That tale, " The earth is beautiful."

The sky, where many a star lights up
The black, dull night, and the pale, dim
Crescent lamp, whose gentler rays reflect
Her gentler race, and her pale beams
Proclaim the fairy holiday,
As 'neath the mountain oak they dance,
While deep the beetle winds his
Sullen horn, and the shrill cricket chirps
His midnight lay.

And yet mankind,
While all around is joy, while all
Bright nature teems with eloquence
And beauty, while the opening buds,
The flowers, the leaves, and all proclaim
Their Maker's power omnipotent,
Poor man allows each weary day
To pass ; too short, alas ! for all
The self-made visions of his hope.

Then sees in hope's bright eye, the friend,
The aider of our better lot,
Each air-drawn dream of his brain-formed
Expectancy complete.

Man plots

And works each little scheme, yet thinks
Not that a morrow's dawn may find
Him in oblivion, and all
His hope turned to invisibility.
Chaos and gloom must settle o'er
This clod of earth, and in the grave
Our faults be unremembered.
And we must press the earth,—the rich,
The poor, alike must find his bed
In lowly clay, and the cold turf
Shut o'er the heavings of his breast.

And they have said,

“Death 's an eternal sleep :” but is
It so ? and does the spirit fade,

And perish with our dust ? The soul,
The immortal soul, dies not with clay ;
But down an endless vale of years
The spirit roams eternally.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

WHEN in the cold tomb lies the friend that
has loved thee,

And o'er his chilled form the earth-worm
coldly creeps,

Wilt thou not o'er his ashes shed tears of
affection,

Or think of the one that in death-slumber
sleeps ?

When lain in the grave, let his faults be for-
gotten,

In grief and in silence weep over his tomb ;
Tread lightly, disturb not his slumbers in
mourning,

Nor wake him that sleeps in his darkness
and gloom.

Death closed his life's fountain ere age had
yet chilled it,

'Twas frozen in all the bright hopes of his
life,

And it sleeps till the sunshine of time shall
awake it,

And bear it immortal from trouble and
strife.

It sleeps in the tomb, but it rests not for
ever;

It waits till the wings of the soul be
unfurled,

And then it will look with disdain on the vices,
And smile in contempt on the sins of the
world.

O! the lamp of his soul but a moment was
clouded,

'Twas darkened awhile with this earth and
its care,
Then it flew to its Maker, who, gladly
receiving,
With fire undying rekindled it there.

NEVER DESPAIR.

NEVER despair, though the sky may be
darkened,

And deep the black clouds of adversity
frown,

But look to the future and hope for the
better,

And call the bright angel of joyousness
down.

Never despair! though thy bosom seems
bursting,

And torn by the thorns of misfortune and
care,

But gaily face the dark storm-clouds before
thee,

And hold up the watchword of "Never
despair."

The passport to fortune ; the guide to the
future ;
The brightest escutcheon our banners
may wear,
That's spoken in earth, and that's whispered
in heaven,
Is the heart-cheering watchword of
“Never despair.”

TO I. W. C.

O! yes, must we own that our fond recollection

Rekindled itself as we gazed o'er the past,
That the moments we joined in our heart's
young affection

Seemed almost too beautiful ever to last.

And I gazed in the future, triumphantly
beaming

With hope's brilliant rays o'er the ocean
of life,

And I saw the fair winds of prosperity
streaming,

And wafting thy vessel from discord and
strife.

I tossed and I heaved on the wild troubled ocean,

And my heart seemed as sinking in gloom and despair,

But I looked and I saw through the madd'ning commotion

The star-guide of hope shining joyfully there.

And that ray broke the clouds of despair and of sorrow,

And softly it beamed o'er my wearisome way,

Till the clouds that o'ercast were all gone by the morrow,

And the gloom of the soul had all vanished away.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

THEY laid her to rest
On the cold earth's breast,
Where the streamlet was gently flowing,
And the whispering trees
Seemed to sing to the breeze,
As they bent to the zephyr's blowing.

And the wild birds there
Gave the parting prayer,
O'er the grave of the maiden gay,
And the funeral song,
As it lingered long,
Re-echoed, "We're passing away."

No high-wrought tomb,
With its chilling gloom,

There dazzled the passing eye;
But alone and unwept
In silence she slept,
Where the river went murmuring by.

And the trees, as they wave
O'er the Indian's grave,
Reminding us, seem to say,
"Remember this truth,
That, in age or in youth,
We soon must be passing away."

The old and the young,
The gay and the strong,
On the earth but a moment may stay,
Then winging their flight
To the regions of light,
But tell us, "We're passing away."

And the birds, as they fly
Through the ether on high,
To lands that more genial lay,
Tell, in heart-stirring numbers,
“Awake from your slumbers!
You soon must be passing away.”

THE WANDERER.

I saw him and he was alone,
Roaming an outcast o'er the face of earth ;
An exile and a wanderer, shunning
His fellow-man as some dread pestilence.
His eye was sad, and his dark brow bespoke
Some inward grief, and in his veins his thick,
Black blood moved sluggishly.

He wandered o'er the world ;
And the happy home, where he had roamed
His careless steps in infancy, he once
More visited : but it was all save home
To him ; its very name was tainted with
Disgust : and its freshness, that breathes a
love
To other souls, told but a pang of grief

To him ; and as he thought, his soul within
Would quiver, and his limbs would shake,
 his eyes

Would glare with an unearthly brilliancy,
And a fierce storm would seem to rend his
 soul,

As when the lightning rends the mountain
 oak.

Some one did mention "Mother," and I saw
Him start and look aghast, and then he
 seized

His fevered brow convulsively, and then
He sat him on the ground and wept.

Not the mere tears that sorrow sheds,
But burning, scalding tears, that dry the
 fount

From whence they flow, till they by their
 own heat

Have dried themselves and stopped ;

As the hot, molten lava, parch the ground
On which they run. He then did pace
around,
And like the horse that fiercely champs the
bit,
Impatiently did wait for death.

I saw him once again :
His brow was whitened, and his weak, old
frame
Was bowed with sorrow, and his knees did
totter
'Neath a load he dare not cast away.
His spirit's voice was hushed beneath the
death
Of hope and conscience-weight of sin. He
walked
As one whose dearest joy had fled, and all
His life had been a blank, which neither time,

Nor space, nor all could yet fill up. To him
The earth was girt with blackness, and the
pall

Of midnight gloom hung o'er his spirit's
grave.

For such his mind lay in its cavern, still
Rotting and useless, while most sullen care
Fed on his vitals.

Long years of outrage,
Calumny, and wrong, imputed madness,
Had been his, until his soul despairing
Pardon, sought relief in woe.

He had been a fit
Companion for the hissing snake, that creeps
'Mid jungles dark, and, stingless, hisses at
Each passer-by. He from the noon-time of
His life had served nor God, nor man, nor
aught

Of living things; not for himself alone,

But, like the mountain-devil, slays his own
Poor soul, to cast revenge on others. So
He lived, and now had not a friend to soothe
His thorny couch, or drive the canker-worm
Of gloom away, which preys like hell's dread
fire
Upon his aching soul.

I saw him but one more,
And his mild eye did stare on vacancy :
He did gaze around, yet saw nothing
He beheld. Like as a dark night's dream,
there
Was but dread invisibility to
All of moving things, and his parched soul
was
Hopeless, prayerless, joyless, sleepless, death-
less.
And I did mark him how he shook, and pale

He quivered on the brink of death. Anon !
He raised himself, as reason took her seat
Once more upon her throne ; and he did
 speak :

" But this is o'er—my mournful life is done ;
The long-sustaining grief of years is soon
To flee, that all my sorrows could not wring
A thought to fill a page of tears ; but still
My punishment was of the mind : I knew
And felt my guilt, and its dread ocean
 then

Was fathomless and had no shore. Upon
My brain was heard the maniac cry of sin,
Despair and grief held in captivity.

I saw the world, this treasure-house of woes ;
Its laughter brought not mirth : I saw, indeed,
But madness in its babbling crowds ; its joy
Gave curses, and I hated e'en myself,
And gave me up to death-like solitude ;

Slighting my life's career, branding my
thoughts

With hate, yet struggled to be calm. Thou,
too,

Art passed, stern conscience, and thy reign
ended.

No more wilt thou stamp madness on my
Memory, nor work with needless torture at
Thy tyrant-will ; wretched yet faithful I !
For 'tis my fate to have some feeling, save
The one decay. So let it be, and soon
I shall repose in endless sleep. They called
Me mad —— ”

He breathed a short, quick gasp,
And died, and left his life a mystery,
While his lone current reached the deep,
black gulf,
Where all is still.



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